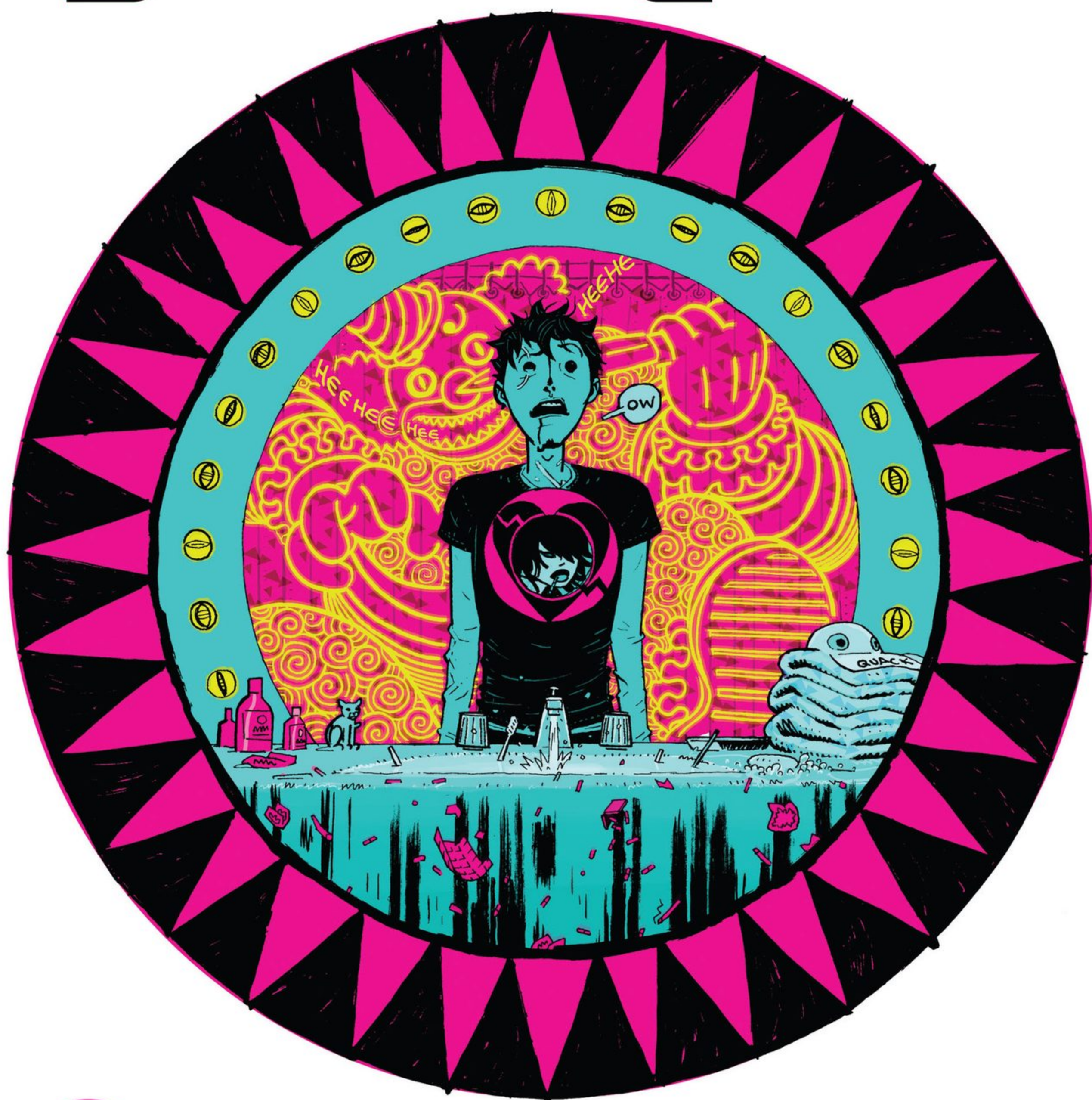


REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS™



1987

#5

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HOW MUCH ACID DOES IT
TAKE TO KILL SOMEBODY?

I GUESS IT DEPENDS ON HOW
STRONG IT WAS. THAT HIPPIE
RAN OFF **PRETTY** FAST...

GOOD INDICATION I
TOOK **TOO MUCH**.

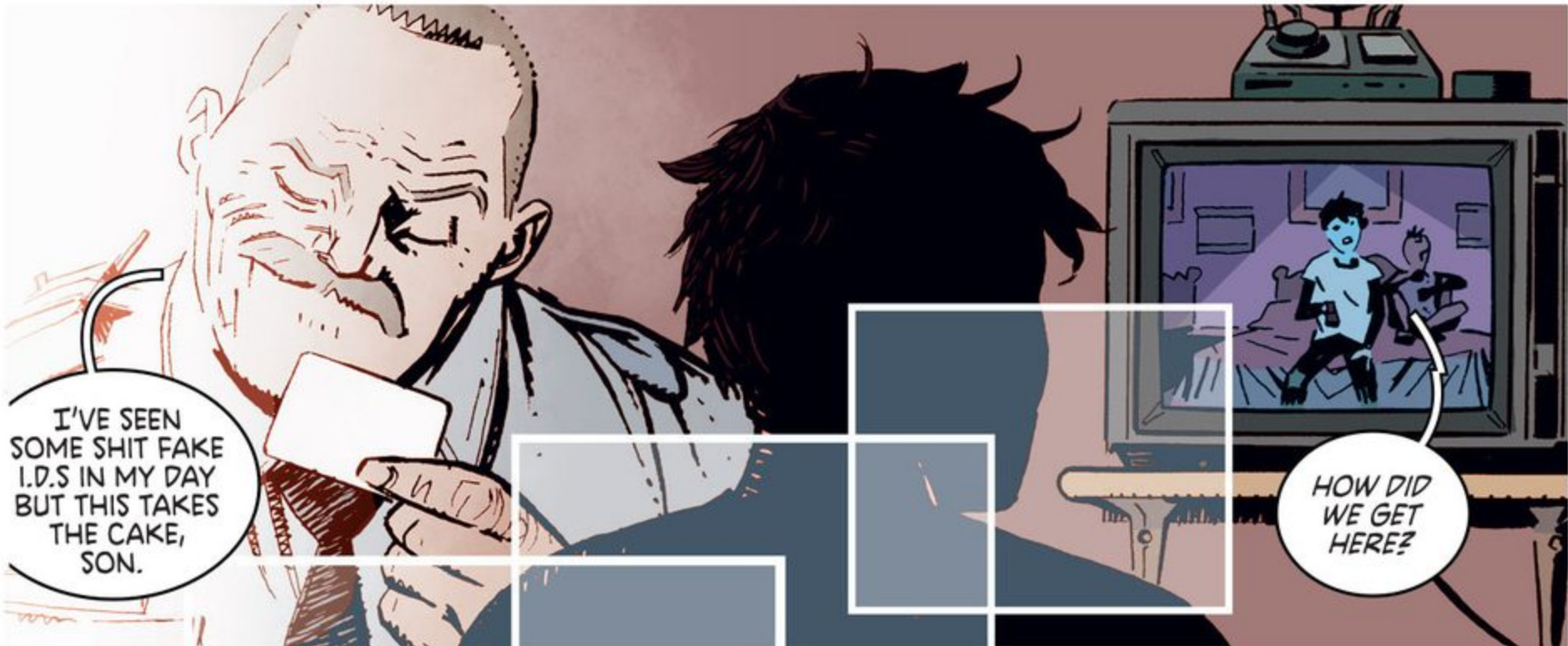
WHY DID I DO IT?



ANSWER MAKES ME NAUSEOUS.

BLOOD-SOAKED, OVERDOSED,
NEARING MENTAL AND PHYSICAL
COLLAPSE---

ALL TO **IMPRESS** THEM.



ALL TO SHOW THEM HOW
FUCKING FEARLESS AND
COOL I AM.

TO HIDE THE **TRUTH**:

I'M TERRIFIED OF BEING ALONE.

TERRIFIED OF ANOTHER
YEAR WITHOUT A FRIEND...
WITHOUT A HOME.



NOW I REMEMBER WHAT I
WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT...



THEY LEFT ME
WATCHING TV
FOR **HOURS**.

LEFT ME WITH THAT
PUNK ROCK LUNATIC...

AND THAT'S WHEN
THINGS GOT **BAD**.



DEADLY CLASSES

RICK REMENDER
writer-co-creators

WES CRAIG
artist

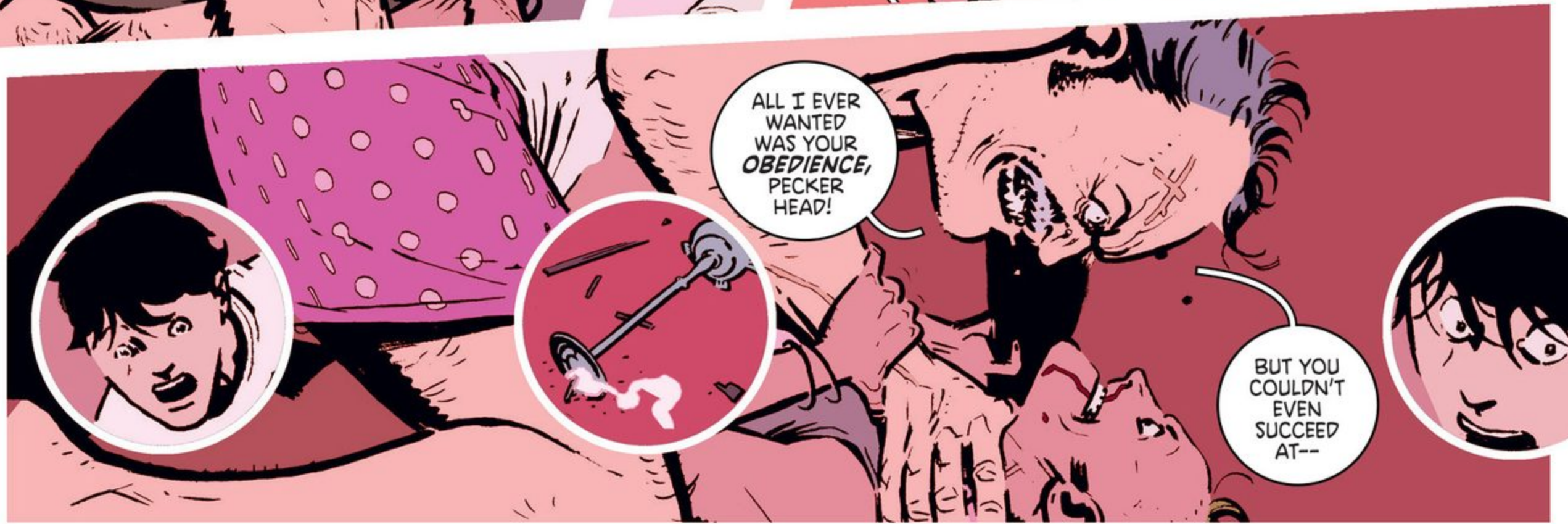
LEE LOUGHRIDGE
colorist

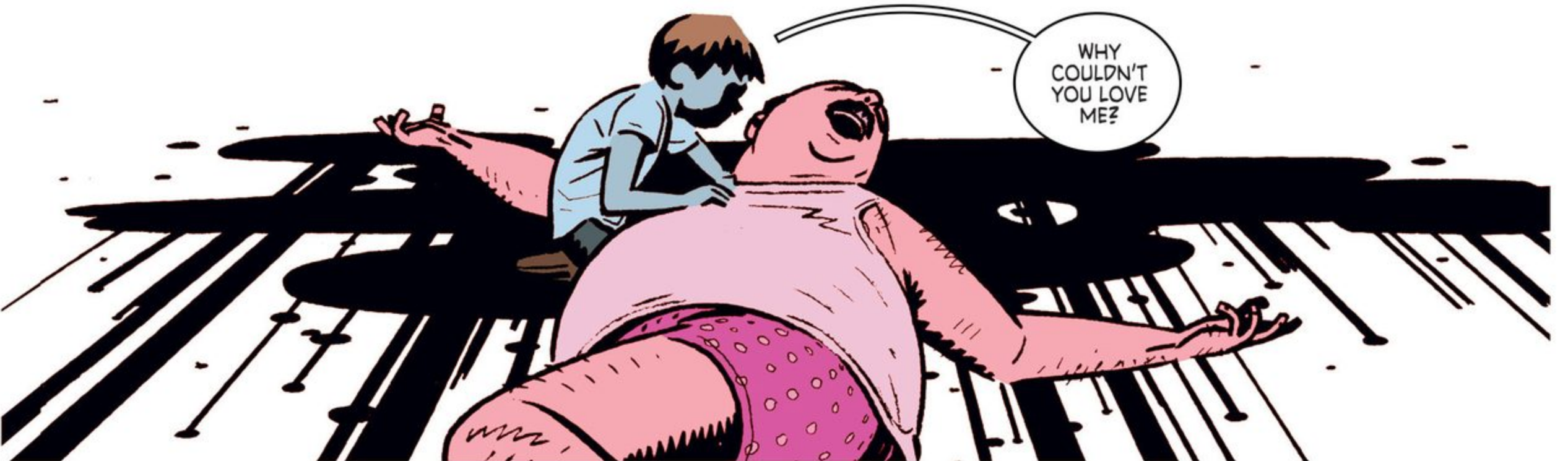
RUS WOOTON
letterer

SEBASTIAN GIRNER
editor



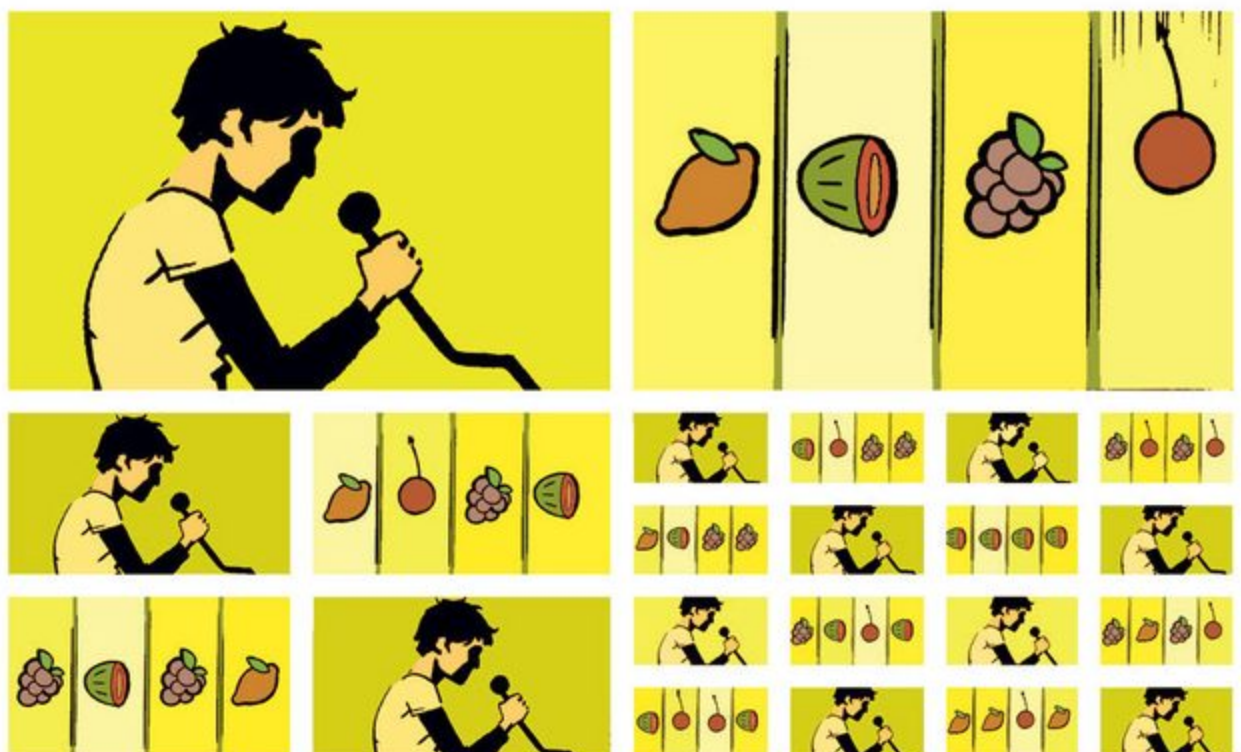


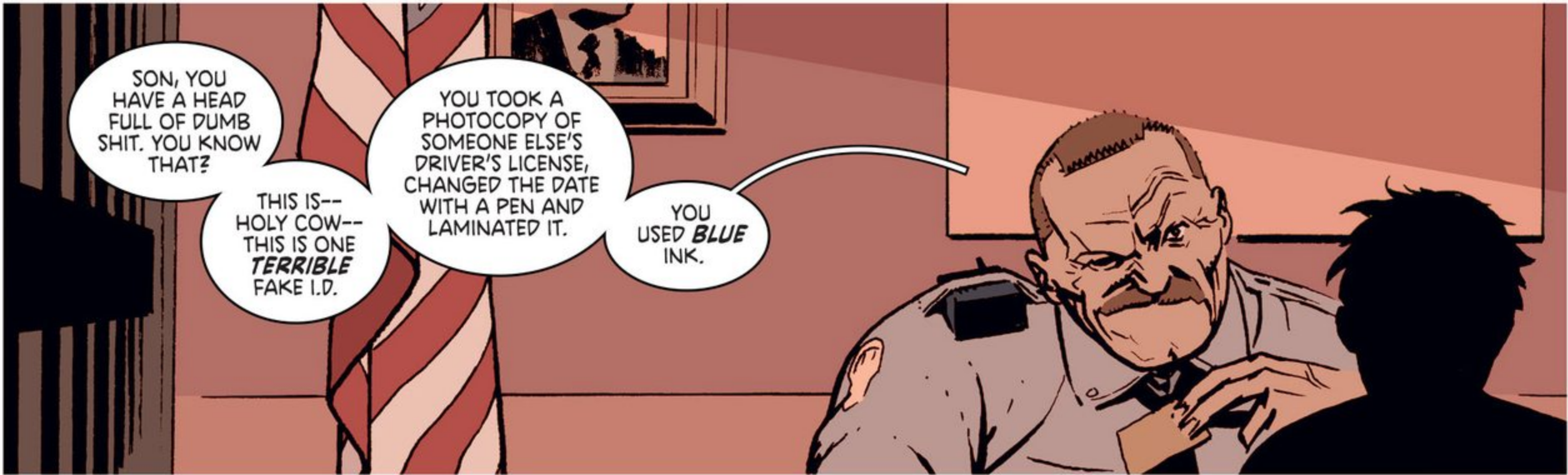
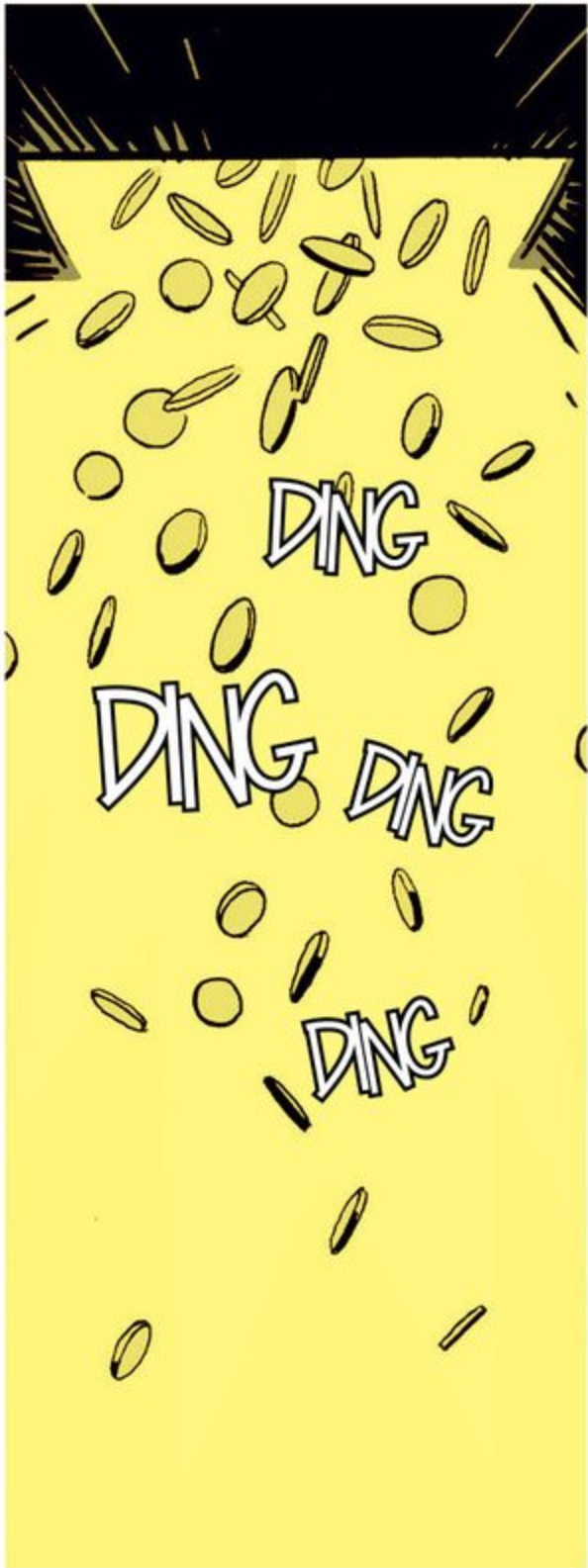














GET READY FOR HIM TO
SEE MY HANDS. TO SEE
MY BLOOD SOAKED HANDS.
TO KNOW WHAT I DID.

HOLY SHIT!

MY HANDS...

HANDS ARE CLEAN.



KEEP HAVING AN URGE
TO CALL MY MOM.

TO APOLOGIZE FOR
WHAT I BECAME.
TO TELL HER IT
WASN'T HER FAULT.

SHE USED TO TELL ME
THAT WHAT YOU DON'T
FOCUS ON WOULD
COME TRUE.

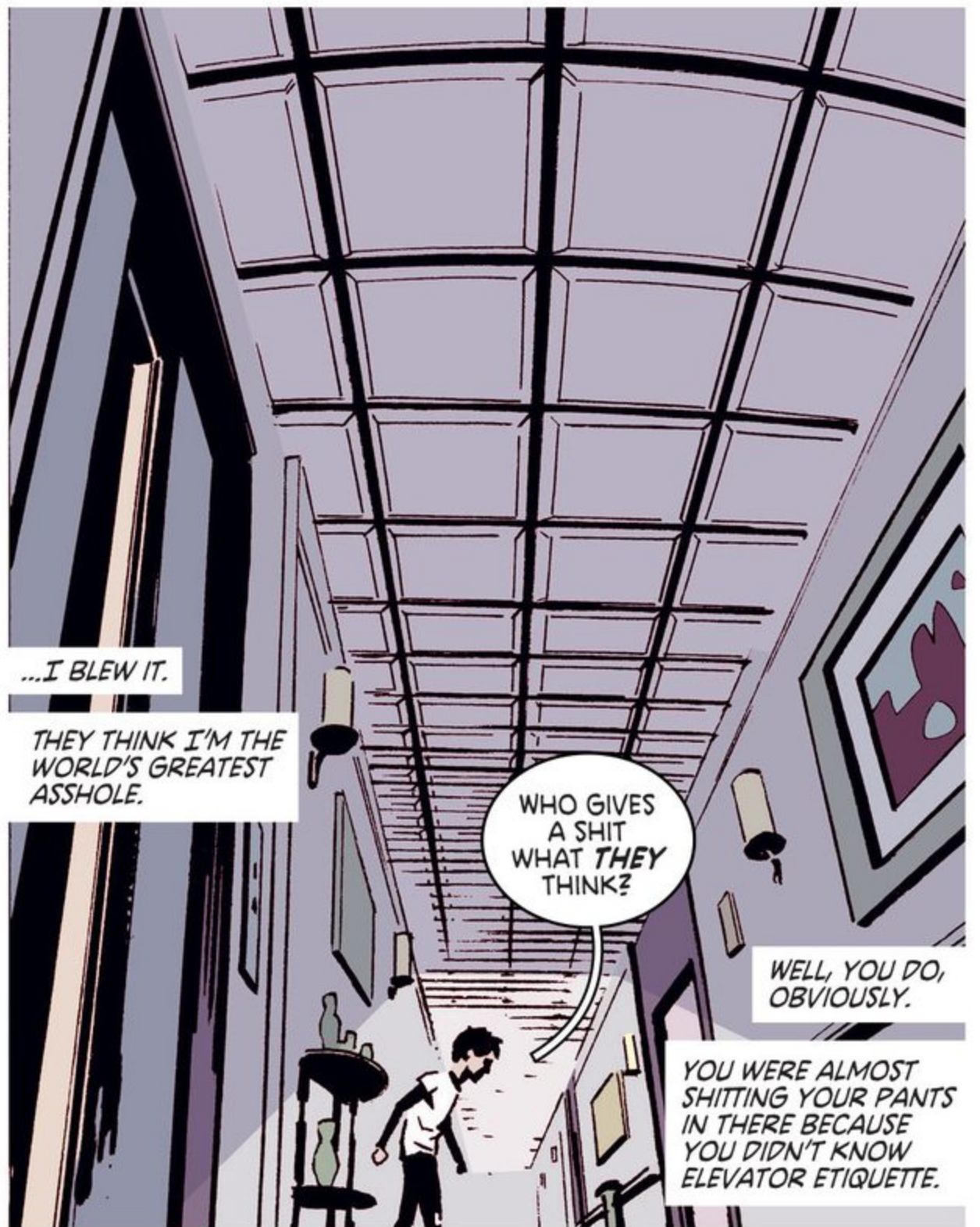
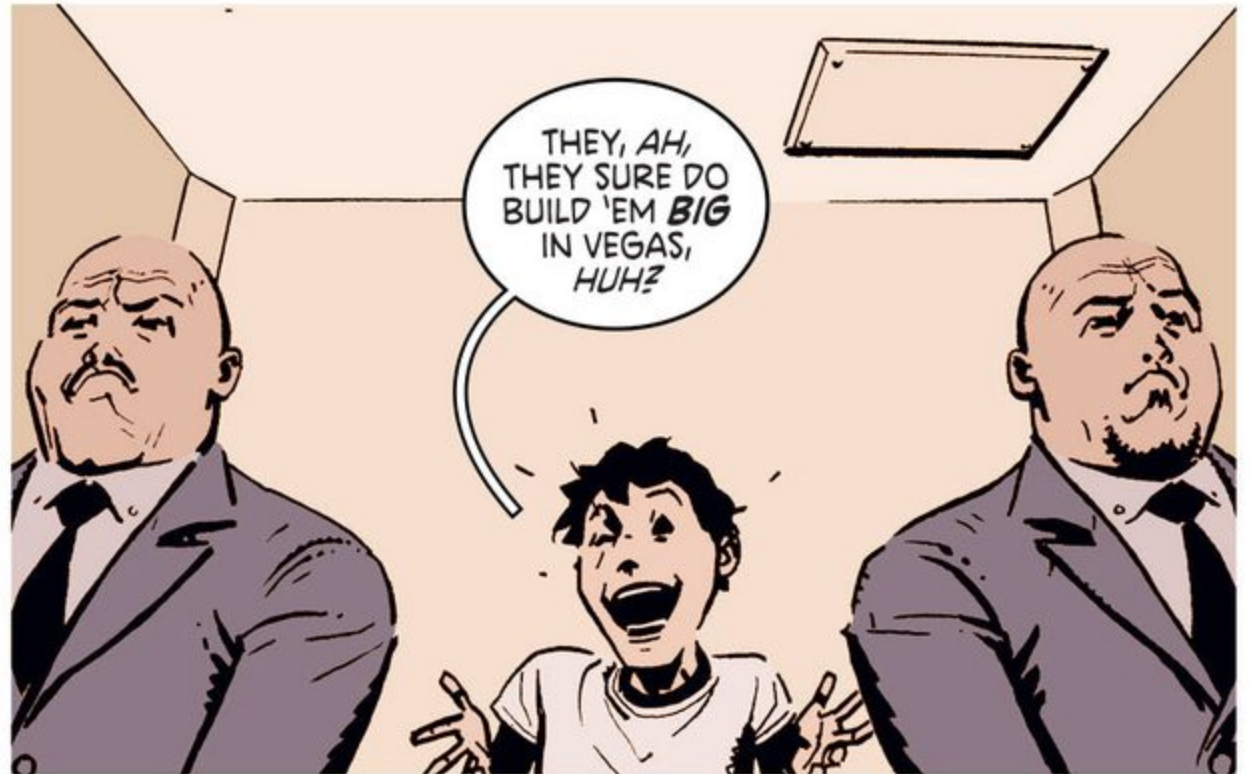
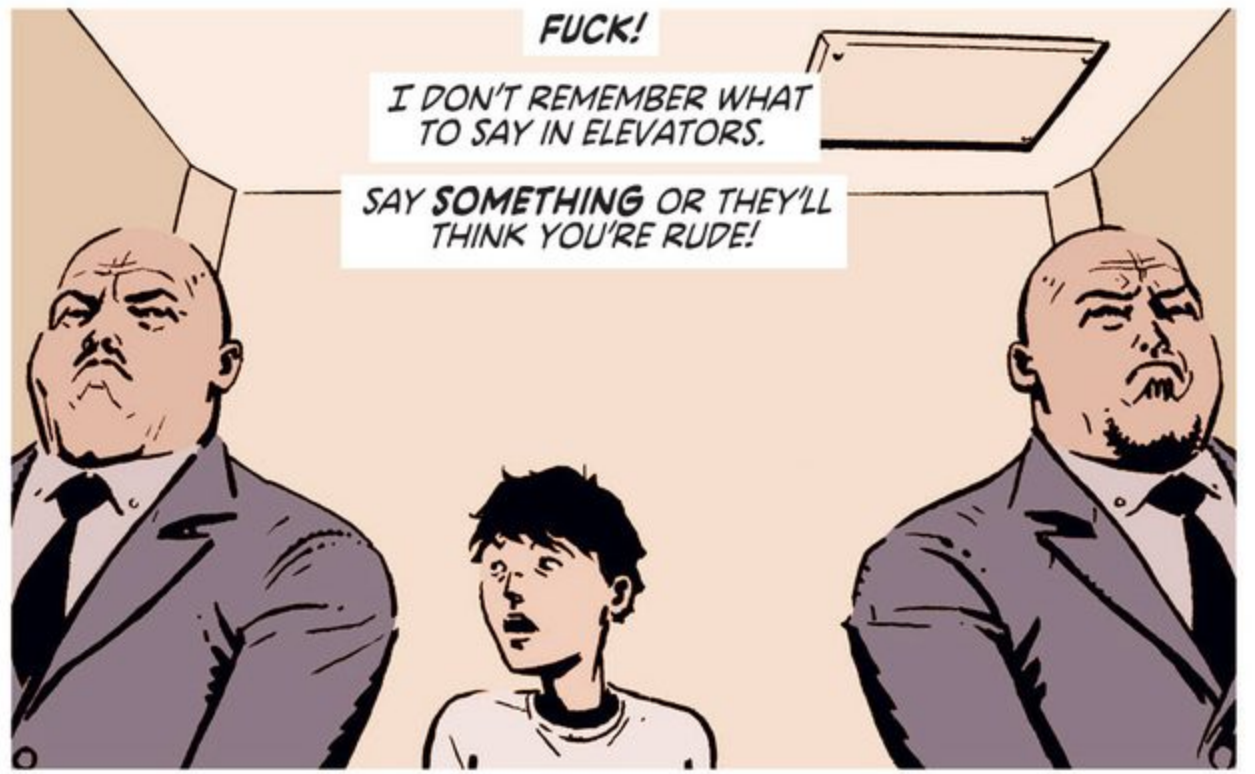
TRY NOT TO FOCUS
ON HOW BAD I WANT
FOR THIS TO BE OVER.

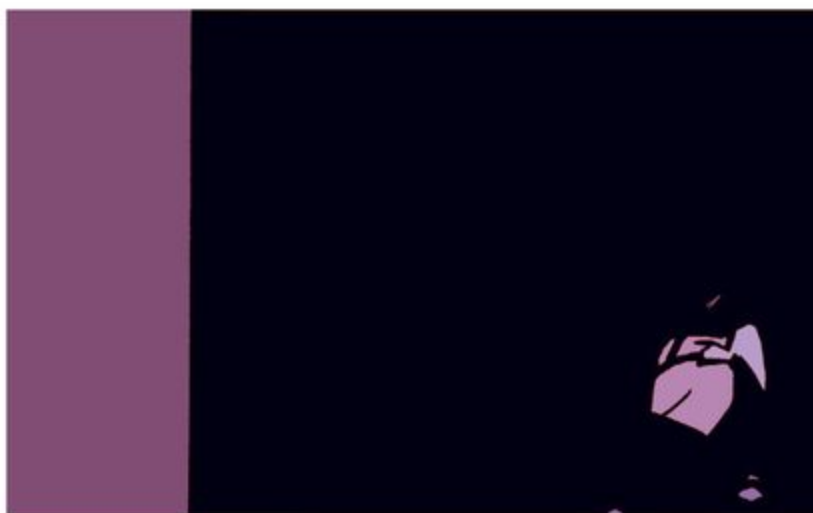


TRY NOT TO FOCUS ON
HOW BAD I WANT TO BE
BACK HOME WITH THEM.

HOW BAD I MISS THEM.

HOW BAD I WANT TO BE HER
INNOCENT LITTLE BOY AGAIN.







YOU STAND ON THE LEDGE
OF A WINDOW LOOKING
AT A SIX-STORY FALL.

A JILTED, GUN-WIELDING
MANIAC BEHIND YOU.



HALLUCINATING
SO BADLY--



CAN'T BE SURE
IT'S A PALM TREE.



FUCK--IS CHICO GOING
TO KILL HER?

SHOULD I HAVE RUN
AWAY? I SHOULD
HAVE HELPED!

TOO LATE, YOU'RE
IN MID-AIR NOW,
COWARD.



MARIA TOLD ME TO RUN.

I'M NO STREET FIGHTER,
AND SHE KNOWS IT.

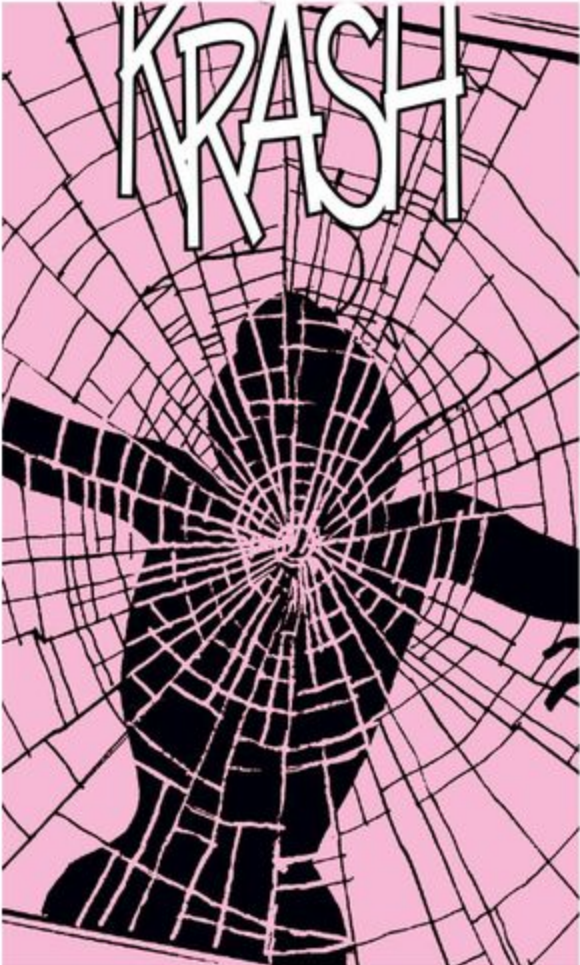
WAS ABOUT TO GET LAID.
HOW GREAT WOULD THAT
HAVE BEEN?

BUT SLEEPING WITH
MARIA WOULD KILL
MY SHOT WITH SAYA.

BUT MARIA IS NICE,
SUPER CUTE, AND
SHE'S INTO ME.

BUT I FEEL A MILLION
SUNS EXPLODING IN
MY CHEST WHEN I'M
NEXT TO SAYA.

MARIA WOULD
BE SETTLING...



...MAYBE THIS ISN'T
THE RIGHT TIME TO
THINK ABOUT THIS.

AM I IN MID-AIR?





ALL THOSE MONTHS
PRACTICING ROOF
JUMPING IN
SAN FRANCISCO
PAY OUT.

PAT YOUR
BACK LATER--

RIGHT NOW,
CLIMB--

GET AWAY FROM HIM--

FOCUS ON THAT--

JUST FOCUS ON GETTING
OUT OF HERE BEFORE--



SLIDE--!

IGNORE THE TEARING SKIN--

JUST SLIDE DOWN THE TREE!



HERE IT
COMES...



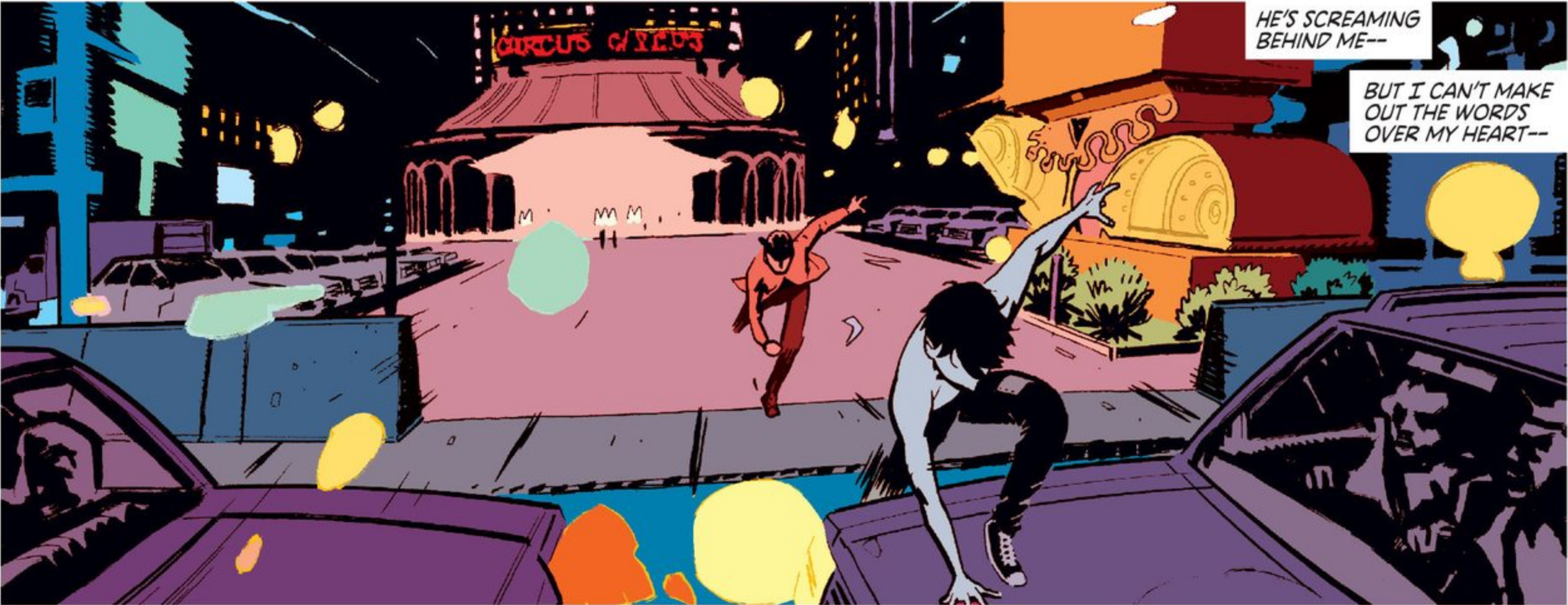
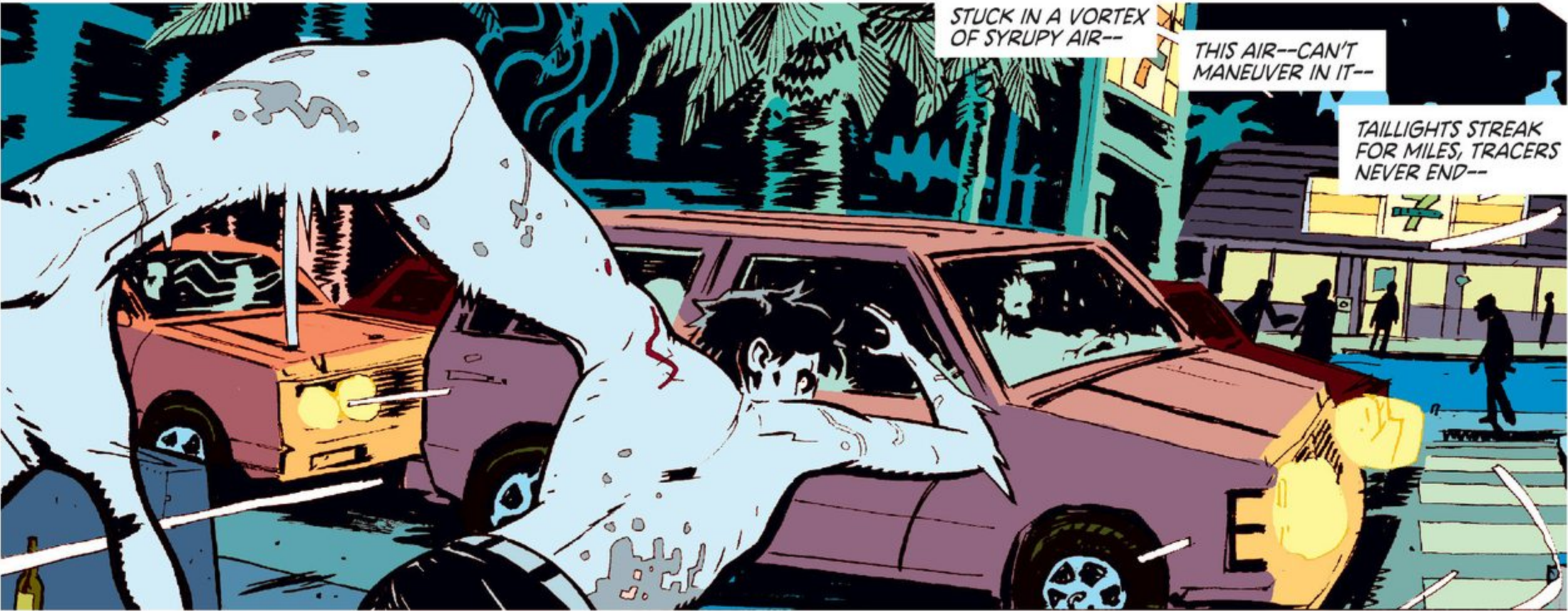
PUNK
MOTHER
FUCKER.

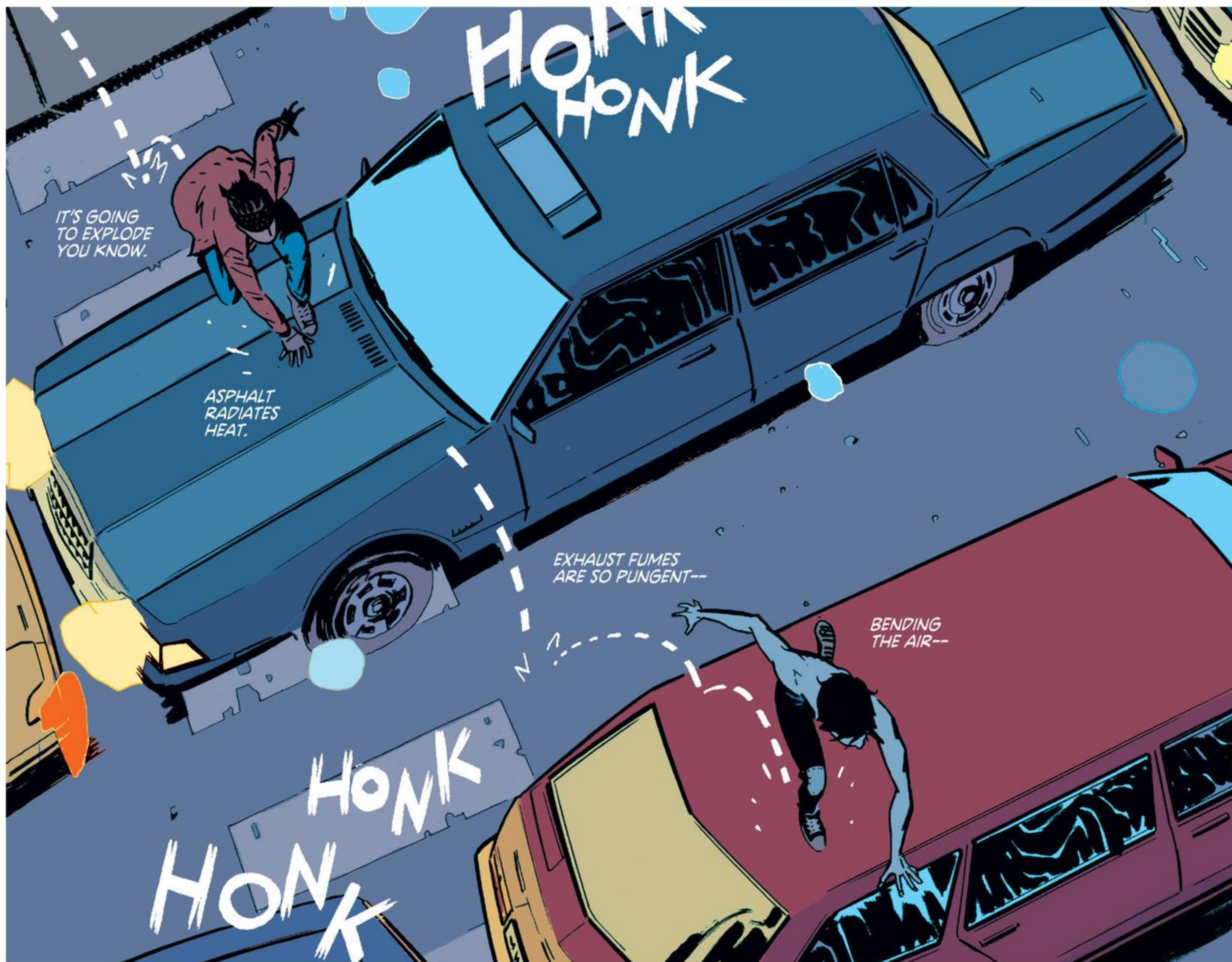


CHEATING
WHORE!

THWAK!



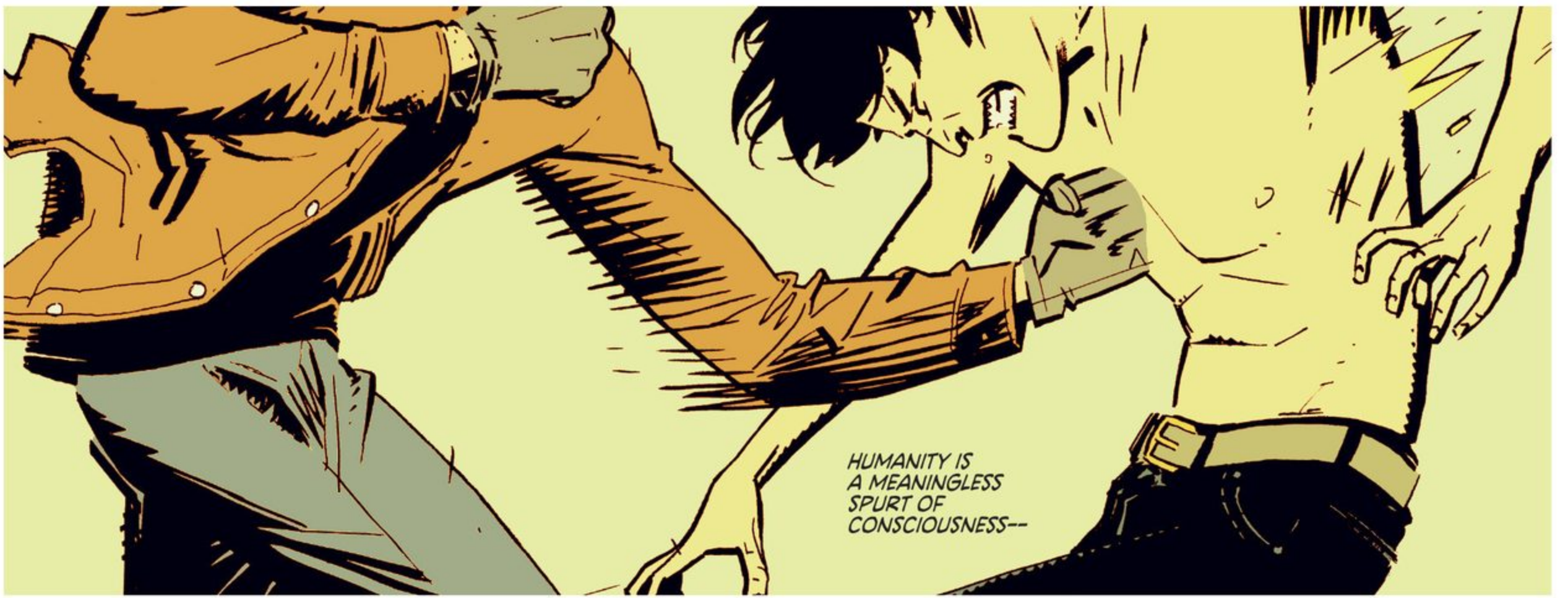














...AND THEN IT WAS DONE.

KRAK!

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Send comments and questions to
[WriteRemender@gmail.com!](mailto:WriteRemender@gmail.com)
Mark letters "OK to print".

RR - A lot of people have been asking me if this story is a homage to *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, and the answer is... sort of. Because it's all based on true events, which were unconsciously homage to Hunter's misadventures. Much of this series is based on my life (minus the murder school, and murder in general, probably). Most of the stuff is cobbled together from events and experiences I had between the age of 13 and 26. How much of this story is based on events that actually happened to me? You'd be surprised at the answer: almost all of it! The road trip, the pit stop at the Dead show, the night at Circus-Circus, and even the Chico bits, the public beating aspect especially were all things that happened to me and my friends.

The biggest difference being the violence, as the beating I received took place outside of a mall movie theater, Christown Mall in Phoenix, and didn't involve a jilted boyfriend, only three angry Latino gangbangers.

It was 1988, about 1 AM, and I was leaving the mall, having seen a late night movie with some friends, when these disgruntled fellows came out of a walkway and began tailing me. I wasn't excited, but was even less so when they began asking, "*What are you looking at, white boy?*" That's never a good start to a conversation. I responded by informing them I wasn't looking at anything, but by that point in time they were rushing me.

I managed to run, only to be hit by a truck, driven by a middle-aged guy who just didn't want to be any part of it. In fleeing the scene, he backed his truck into me, allowing the kindly gangsters access to my face. The three gentlemen proceeded to beat me near to death in the parking lot. I was sixteen, alone, broke, had no car, wasn't living with my parents anymore--so there was no one to call to pick me up--and so I stumbled into the room I was renting with a terrible concussion and passed out alone, just like you're supposed to do with a bad concussion. Good times.

But it wasn't all bad, I learned a good lesson that night: I never looked at anything ever again.

That event was a few years separated from my "bad trip" to Las Vegas, but the two linked up wonderfully to give Marcus and his classmates an adventure I could write from a place of experience. Fun trivia!

Anyway, we have letters to get to, and a lot of them. We've been getting a ton of mail for each issue; so if you don't see your letter printed don't feel bad, it just means we didn't like it. I kid, we'll try and get to as many of them as we can.

"Smoke some dope. Have some fun. All right, we're the class of '91!" Reading the drug-heavy narrative of DEADLY CLASS #4 really brought back high school memories that I thought had been destroyed, including my lovely unofficial class motto from high school. Please include a warning

label on future issues that DEADLY CLASS may cause awkward flashbacks to misspent youth in the late '80s.

Reed B.

RR - That's really the series' contractual guarantee. I always got upset that the Baby Boomers made so many films and shows jerking their generation off in an orgy of self-celebratory reminiscence. Now it's Generation X's turn to masturbate while the Millennials have kids, grow fat and prepare for their group wank in ten years.

DEADLY CLASS #1 is the first comic I've purchased in two years. I'm still buying it and enjoying every bit of it. Just finished #4 and can't wait to see what happens next.

Anthony P.

RR - Sounds good! Your dollars mean we can make more.

Dear Deadly People,

Thank you for DEADLY CLASS. RR's been simply amazing since *Uncanny X-Force*, but Black Science and DEADLY CLASS are just spectacular. Wes Craig is my new favorite artist, holy crap! I have loved DEADLY CLASS since the Image Expo What's Next story. Was that some kind of a sample story or will that 5-page story pop-up in a future issue? The assassin was pretty cool. Also issue 4 was the shit, Mr. Remender needs to instigate more acid based drug binges in the Marvel Universe, hopefully in time for the next Free Comic Book Day. Thank you for your time.

Vic Buckley

RR - Only amazing since *Uncanny X-Force*? Bummer news for the decade of work I did prior to that, but I'll accept this truth and move on. You're right to make Wes your new favorite artist, and now, while his street cred is so high, and before he becomes a bloated sell-out whom everyone loves. Snore.

Dear Rick,

Once an acid-gobbling teen in the late 80s, I felt a sense of kinship with you and your awesome DEADLY CLASS collaborators, Wes Craig and Lee Loughridge, when I was reading issue #4. In presenting Marcus Lopez's inaugural psychedelic journey, you guys have proven that this comic is authentically trippy!

Case in point: the double-page spread on pages 14-15 captures all the subtle historical nuances of a Grateful Dead concert: the dervish-spinning dancers, the nude burnout, the aging hippies, and the requisite shady acid dealer. Once Marcus' psychedelic awakening kicks into high-gear, you crazy dudes have likewise nailed the hallucinatory

neon-light excesses of Las Vegas with pages 20-21, even sneaking in Ronald Reagan, someone who would have benefited from dropping tabs.

Keep dosing,
Tommy Powers

RR - Wes and I are basically the same age and grew up in similar scenes amid the subculture of the '80s. We became pals right away and I think that's one of the reasons the book feels authentic. We lived through this stuff and we both have memories of it all, Lee Loughridge, as well. In fact, Lee and I became friends talking about '80s era hardcore when we first met back in San Diego in 2000. No way could I make this book with guys who didn't get the nuances of the era.

DEADLY CLASS #4 cemented the fact that this is one of the greatest comic books ever created. Thank you.

Matt Burton

RR - Shucks.

Hoollyyyy shit! After reading DEADLY CLASS #4, I thought I must have imagined the whole issue because it seemed to good to be real. After reading it twice more, I'm now fairly sure that it's real, but now the question is how did you make the best single comic book issue ever. I'm seriously impressed, keep up the legendary work!

Ed P.

RR - Write what you know, as they say.

This book is so much fun. Out of your new creator owned work I thought I would enjoy *Black Science* the most (and don't get me wrong, I do like that book) but DEADLY CLASS is blowing me away. Just wanted to let ya know. I finished issue #4 a few minutes ago and I can't wait to see what comes next.

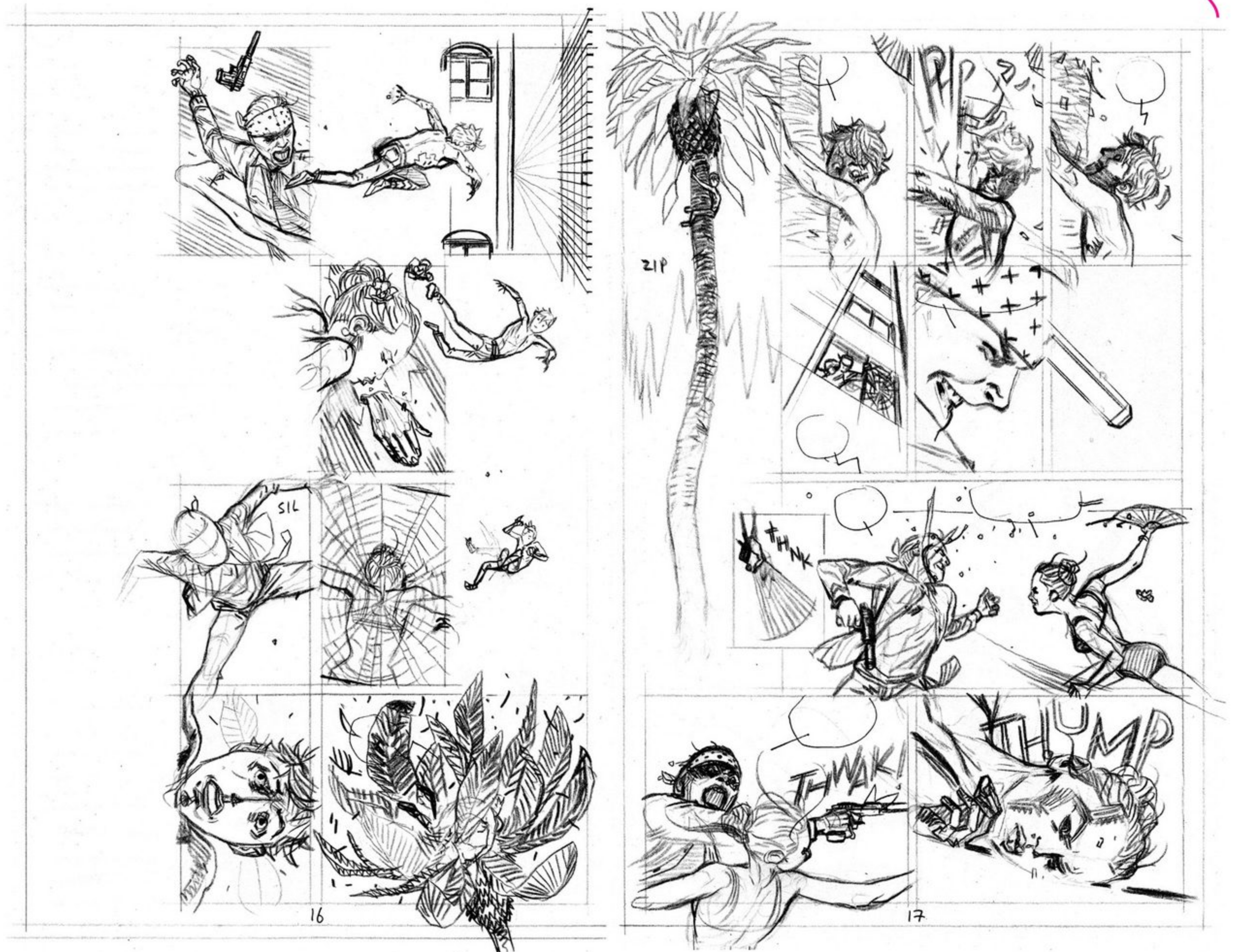
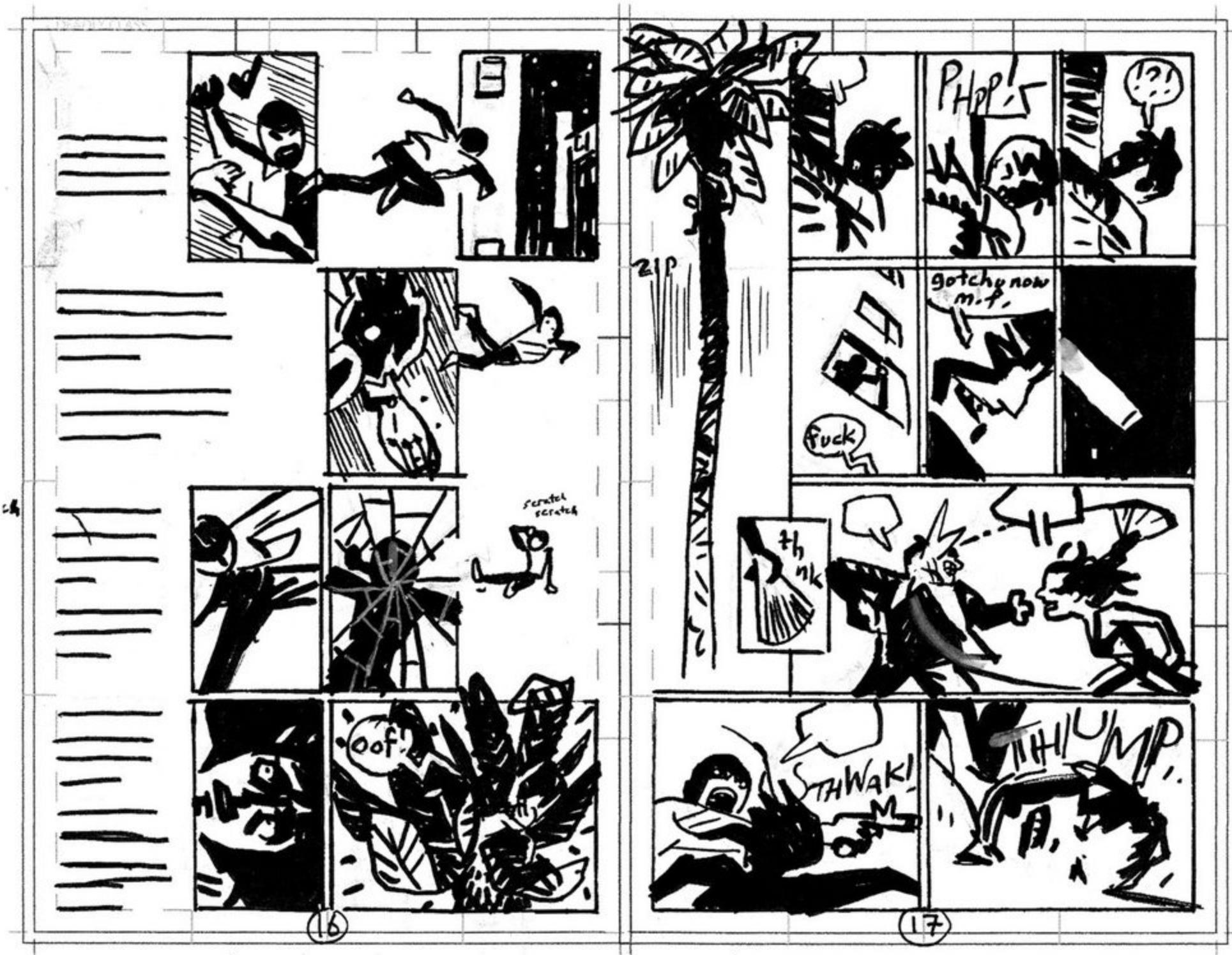
Jeff B.

RR - Well, we shake things up a good bit. A cast member dies, another is nearly dead, and then there's Fuckface. Ah, Fuckface, such a rascal. His story is yet to be told, but it connects with Marcus' obviously. Next issue we shatter everything to pieces, so the surviving cast can cut up their hands trying to glue the shards back together again. Fun and upbeat, that's the DEADLY CLASS promise!

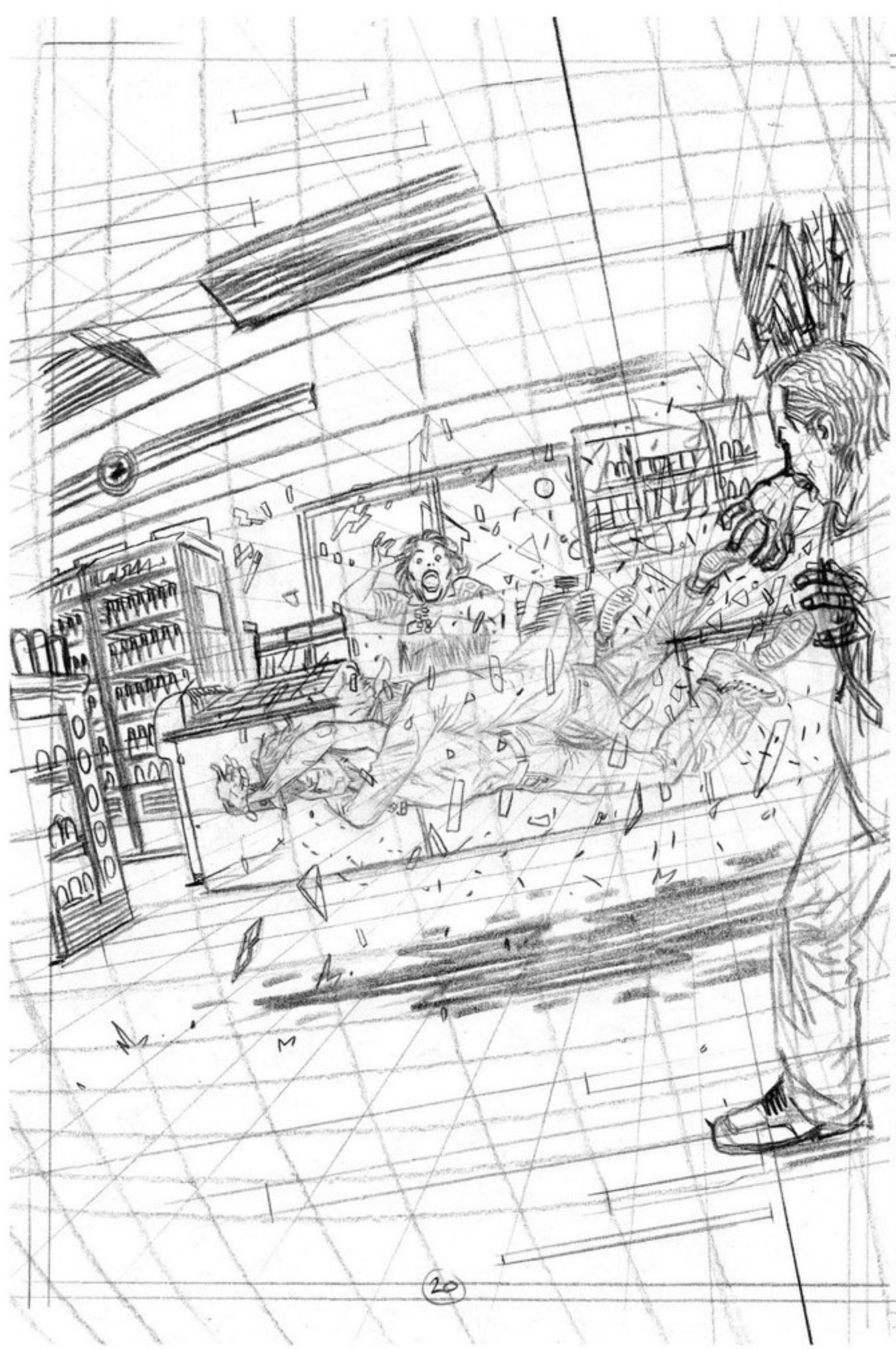
See you then!

Rick

WES
CRAIG'S
PROJECTS



WES
CRAIG'S
PROJECTS



NEXT MONTH

REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS™



1987

#6

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